

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courier.*



TROUBLED THOUGHTS

IDONEA.

CHAPTER XLVII.

No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

—*Shakespeare.*

WHILE Percy and Neville were pacing the drive at Heronshill, Idonea was steaming from Boulogne to Folkestone. She had taken, literally as

well as figuratively, French leave. She was alone in the crowded boat, and while she sat on deck rejoicing in the bracing sea-breeze, and watching the waves, her thoughts were as harassing as they were busy. She was reviewing the past ten days, and wondering whether she had acted with judgment or not in the part she had played in them. She had been compelled to take all responsibility on herself, and she feared lest she had been hasty. As she had said in her letter to Percy, Charlotte was beside herself, and

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

in her blind wretchedness conceived an intense hatred of Idonea, on whom she had always looked as a rival. She declared she would not continue her journey if Idonea was to accompany her, and betrayed symptoms of insanity. Idonea, therefore, took the law into her own hands, telling Mrs. Dooner that she would go home at once, as she would on no account cause distress to Miss Charlotte, or trouble to any of the family. Mrs. Dooner was in a strait between Charlotte and Lina; but Idonea settled the matter by assuring her that she could not remain under the circumstances. She said that she would combat Lina's objections, and depart on the morrow. With that inconsistency attributed to the ladies, Mrs. Dooner had then declared that they could not get on without her, and had made her promise that she would go to Queen's Gate for a week or so, until Charlotte was better. The truth was, that Mrs. Dooner was afraid of her youngest daughter, and dreaded the effect on her if Idonea left her. But Idonea was firm. She consented to remain a few days in town on condition that Mr. Dooner, who was there, should be apprised of the reason of her unexpected appearance. A telegraphic message had been sent to him, and Idonea had spent one of the most miserable evenings she had ever passed, in arguing with Lina as to the necessity of her departure. She succeeded in convincing her at last that her sister's reason was of greater consequence than her pleasure, and ended by telling her what she knew concerning Sir Richard Dyke and Madame Ronda.

These events had passed so rapidly that Idonea could scarcely realise them, and as she sat gazing at the pier where she had left the tearful Lina—at the quaint, many-hued town, and finally, as these disappeared, at the broad sea—her mind was in a maze of inextricable thoughts. Pity for Miss Charlotte was amongst the most prominent, and in reviewing her troubles she forgot her own. She felt no anxiety concerning her journey, as she was to stop in London, and when there she could write home and ask counsel. She also knew that she should have a true friend at hand in Mr. Dooner, and that Duke was somewhere in Scotland, whence he was daily expected at Boulogne. She had thus, as she believed, avoided an encounter with him.

She reached Folkestone safely, and was soon on the railway. It is "travelling made easy" nowadays, and she had no misadventures. Nevertheless, she was very cold, and was not sorry for wraps and a foot-warmer, despite her young blood, and she curled herself up amongst the rugs Lina had provided for her, and thought, and thought, on until her brain grew dizzy. She was too self-absorbed to notice her fellow-passengers as they entered or left the carriage at the different stations, but was suddenly startled from her reverie by hearing her own name. She looked up and saw—Sir Richard Dyke. He had just come into the carriage and seated himself opposite to her, unconscious of who was to be his *vis-à-vis*. He seemed embarrassed for a moment, but, assuming a cold manner, said, "I have to thank you, Miss Umfreville, for many undeserved favours. I am glad to have an opportunity of assuring you of my gratitude. Our fellow-passengers are happily unconscious, so we are not overheard. You have been instrumental in assisting to restore to me a—a wife whom I believed dead, and two children who were—well, lost to me."

"Having helped on these events, you must at least

hear my version of the previous circumstances. I have a regard for your good opinion, Miss Umfreville, and assure you that my—well—my wife left me, and even changed her name, as you know, to avoid me. Mine was already changed by circumstances. I assure you that I believed my wife dead."

"And yet you had seen her," interrupted Idonea, remembering the concert.

"But had not known her. When ladies disguise themselves one cannot expect to recognise them. All women have not your truthfulness; it might be better for the world at large if they had."

"Men should set them the example," exclaimed Idonea.

His brows contracted, and his eyes flashed at her unintentional reproof, but the train stopped as he was about to answer, and he at once busied himself with Idonea's packages. She could not refuse his aid, though she avoided his hand.

"A cab, I suppose?" he said. "Stand by the luggage-van while I get one. Porter, see to this lady."

He was off, and returned before she knew where she was.

"Queen's Gate, if you please," she said to the porter, as the cab drove up.

"Ah! you are going there! Tell the *père* Dooner that I shall keep my appointment to-morrow," said Sir Richard, looking into the cab. "All right, driver."

He raised his hat, and the cabman drove off.

Mr. Dooner was not at home when Idonea reached Queen's Gate, but she was expected, and received a hearty welcome from the servants. They had prepared the schoolroom and her own bedroom for her reception, and told her that Mr. Dooner wished to see her on his return. She therefore took off her travelling dress, had her tea, and then wrote to Lina and Percy, while expecting him. He came straight to the schoolroom and gave her a cordial welcome, but she saw that he looked perplexed and careworn. She drew Lina's special arm-chair close to the fire, and he sat down in it, rubbing his hands and saying that he was glad to have her to talk to, though he could not understand why she had left Boulogne. She explained.

"Charlotte is a fool!" he cried, angrily. "Why you have been her best friend. Only suppose if she had married the man. Their mother has indulged them in all their whims, so that they do just what they like; and I haven't time to counteract the spoiling. Not that I could do it if I tried, for I am as foolish as she."

"I travelled a short way with Sir Richard Dyke, and he asked me to tell you that he would keep his appointment to-morrow," said Idonea.

"Ha! ha! I'll warrant he will. He is as much afraid of exposure as we are, and I've threatened to expose him if he doesn't acknowledge and receive his wife and children. I've constituted myself their counsel, judge, and jury, and vowed to bring an action against him if he doesn't patch up his first wedding clothes. He declares himself ready to live with her if she will return to him. I wouldn't be in her shoes, or his either, if that comes about. But they must settle it between them. All I insist upon is, that she shall have the choice, and that the world shall know all about it."

"Does she seem very unhappy?" asked Idonea.

"I only saw her that once, and then she looked

rather savage. She didn't rush into his arms, but claimed him in that sort of way against which he had no appeal. Then Charlotte went off into hysterics, and all I could do was to demand an interview the next day, and to tell him that if he didn't do the right thing I would advertise him all over the world."

"Was his wife really Madame Ronda who used to give the Miss Dooners singing lessons?"

"I dare say she was, but I don't remember ever seeing Madame Ronda. She called herself Lady Dyke, and was a dark, handsome woman, between thirty and forty I should say. I hate foreigners, and would never have one of the hair-brained, poaching lot in my house, if I could help it. Sir Richard Dyke is almost foreign, and his marriage took place abroad. But you look tired, child, and must go to bed. There is Lina's last kiss for you; and you must make my breakfast to-morrow morning. You have done your duty and are a brave girl. I only hope Duke and you will make a match of it, in spite of your mother's pride. Good night."

So speaking, Mr. Dooner left Idonea to her troubled reflections.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Stranger than many tales, as strange as most.

—Anon.

WHEN Neville returned to his library after taking leave of Percy, he felt perplexed and angry. He would almost rather have failed in discovering his sister than that she should prove the wife of Sir Richard Dyke.

But Heatherton came in and said that her "dear lamb" was so upset by the late events that she had insisted on her going to bed, and she hoped Master Neville would excuse her, and let her rest until she was better. He acquiesced, feeling in part relieved by the delay. Still, he was beginning to be conscious of the return of fraternal feelings for Clarina, and prayed to be enabled to do what was right by her and her children.

She came down to breakfast the following morning, and took the head of the table at his request. She looked better, and talked cheerfully of old times. When the post-bag arrived there was a letter for her enclosed in an envelope directed to Neville, and addressed, "Madame Ronda."

"Which is it, Clarina—Fairborn or Ronda, or—" He paused while she opened and read her letter.

"What a relief!" she ejaculated, as her face flushed, and she laid down the sheet she had been reading.

"Good news?" he asked.

"I think so. He acknowledges the marriage," she replied.

"He? Who?"

"Sir Richard Dyke."

"What marriage?"

"His own; surely Idonea has told you, or her brother."

"Nothing positive. We hear of a marriage, and that it prevented Miss Dooner's; but the lady—we only hope it is not you, Clarina."

"I?"

"Yes, you. The premises are in your favour."

In uttering that little monosyllable, Clarina started and almost rose from her seat, thereby upsetting her tea.

"I shall make breakfast as soon as I can hold the teapot," said Neville, glancing at the table-cloth.

"You think me the wife of Sir Richard Dyke!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak.

"Umfreville and his sister think so, and I always believe what I am told," he replied, gravely.

"I am not his wife; I would not be his wife for worlds!" she cried, now showing herself, by her flashing eyes, the Clarina of past days.

"I am truly thankful to hear it," said Neville.

"But who on earth is his wife?"

"Margaret Long, my old schoolfellow."

"The girl who brought you to Mrs. Keene's and visited you there?"

"Yes; my nominal friend, but the greatest enemy I ever had in my life."

"My dear Clarina, it is such a relief. Do come into the library and tell me all."

They withdrew to the library and took the seats on either side of the fire.

"Shall I tell you from the beginning?" asked Clarina.

"If you do not mind—if it is not painful to you."

Neville saw that her flushed face grew pale, and that she was agitated. He guessed that she dreaded allusion to her father and his mother, so he said, "Did you go direct to London when you left this country?"

"Yes," she replied, relieved; "Miss Long had been inciting me to leave home by letter, and had asked me to go abroad with her. I was devoted to her, for she was one of those clever, handsome, keen-witted girls that fascinate other girls. I had not time to write to her, but when I reached London I went to the lodging in the West End, where I knew she was staying with her uncle. She was fortunately at home, and he was out. She said she dared not receive me there as Major Long would inquire into my history and send me home again, but she would take me to another lodging, where she had once been with her uncle. She took me accordingly to Mrs. Keene's, and left me there."

"Did she always live with this uncle?" asked Neville.

"Yes; her parents were dead, and he educated her. But I don't think he liked her, and she could not bear him. She had not long left school, and even while with him at his place, somewhere in Surrey, they had quarrelled more than once. We used to compare notes, and fancied ourselves ill-used, so that we resolved to stand by one another in case of emergency. Her uncle had consented to her going abroad with a widow lady, a friend of his, and our object was that I should accompany her. But there were many delays, and I am thankful to remember that they gave me time to reflect. Kind Mrs. Keene managed to discover that all was not right with me. I resented her interference. Her advice was not, however, without effect, and I wrote three letters to our dear father, owning myself wrong, and entreating his forgiveness."

"As you know, my letters were unanswered, and my proud spirit would make no more concessions. Miss Long brought Mr. Gore, now Sir Richard Dyke, to see me about this time. He was a relative of Mrs. Lovett, the lady with whom she was going abroad, and was to accompany them. His uncle, Colonel Gore, was an old friend and brother officer of Major Long's, so, to all appearance, she was to be fortunately placed. As Margaret Long was to return

with the major to Surrey before she went abroad, Mr. Gore undertook the management of my affairs. I went out with him more than once, and allowed him to make arrangements for me. He and Miss Long, between them, interested Mrs. Lovett in me by telling her that I was anxious to go to Italy to improve myself in singing with a view to some sort of musical livelihood. Looking back, I wonder how it was managed; but Margaret Long had a will of her own even stronger than mine, and Mr. Gore was one of her many admirers. I would not exculpate myself, but I scarcely think I should have acted as I did but for them. I could not have fabricated the story they did, but I allowed myself to become a party to it by being silent concerning my antecedents. Mr. Gore was reckless as regarded truth, and made Mrs. Lovett believe what he liked. It was finally arranged that I should join their party, and as I could not pay my own expenses I consented to act as a sort of maid to Mrs. Lovett and Miss Long, and so accompanied them to Italy."

"A maid! a servant!" ejaculated Neville.

"Not exactly; but half-maid, half-companion. I had no other resource since my money was exhausted, and I had been obliged to pawn my jewels. However, the humiliation was beneficial, and helped to prepare me for future mortification. I need scarcely say that I repented heartily of my proud rashness, and even wrote one other letter to my father from Italy, to which I received no reply.

"Mrs. Lovett was a worldly woman, who cared for no one but herself, and who did not hesitate to accept my services in return for franking me. By the time we arrived at Florence, my position became unbearable, and I told Mrs. Lovett that as I had now reached my goal, I would not trouble her any longer, but would enter upon the studies the pursuit of which had brought me to Italy. I thanked her for what she had done for me, and left her. Miss Long was, I believe, really concerned for me, and asked Mr. Gore to make inquiries concerning some school into which I might enter as a teacher of English, and receive instruction in music and singing in return. But I chose to be independent of his good offices. And, indeed, I was more fortunate than I deserved to be, for there was an English lady in the hotel where we were staying who took a fancy to me, and introduced me to a Florentine friend who wanted an English governess for her children. Mrs. Lovett spoke to my respectability, and the Signora Roccalina engaged me at once. When Miss Long found to what a depth her advice had dragged me, she began to repent, and entreated me to continue with her and her companions; but I declined, and as they were going away from Florence, they were obliged to leave me behind."

"You were left alone in Florence at seventeen!" cried Neville.

"Yes, but I had a spirit of my own, some talents, and a genuine taste for art, so I did well there. Signora Roccalina and her children were very kind, and in return for what I taught, gave me the advantage of their masters, and made me quite at home. Signor Roccalina had an English newspaper sent to him occasionally, and turning over this one day I saw my father's death in the obituary. It nearly killed me. I was seriously ill for many weeks, and when I got better I was unable to teach. The sudden shock had prostrated me. Music seemed my only resource, and my kind friends advised me to take to it as a pro-

fession. As my voice was fresh and powerful, this was not difficult with their introductions, and, much to my grief, I left them and went to Florence after having been several years with them. I got on tolerably well, teaching, singing at concerts, and studying. But just as I was acquiring a reputation, I was surprised by a visit from Miss Long, of whom I had heard nothing since we parted. She told me she was no longer Miss Long, but Mrs. Gore, and she recounted her history. Soon after they left Florence Mr. Gore had returned to England to seek an appointment. During this period Mrs. Lovett died, leaving him her heir. This enabled him to fulfil a previous promise of marriage to Miss Long, and they were accordingly married at Turin. They continued abroad, travelling from place to place; now taking a house or apartments here, now there. They had two children, of whom Mr. Gore seemed fond. Nevertheless he soon began to neglect them and their mother, and took every opportunity of absenting himself from her.

"Some time before she made her appearance at my abode in Florence he had left her and his children, nominally for a short period, and she had heard nothing of him since. It must be acknowledged that if he was unprincipled, she was provoking and her temper violent. She had been to the Villa Roccalina for my address, having left her children somewhere else meanwhile. She inquired if there were apartments to let in my house that she could occupy for a few days while she settled her plans. Unfortunately there were, and she took them and brought her children to them. She was scarcely settled when she fell in with an acquaintance she had made during her wanderings, who said he had seen Mr. Gore the previous day at Civita Vecchia. I met her in the street just after she had heard this. She told me she should follow him, but as I was on my way to a pupil I could not then delay to listen to further particulars. When I returned home she was gone, having left her children behind."

"Left her children! To whom? To you?" broke in Neville.

"I suppose so; but she told the *locandiere* that she should be back on the morrow, and that I would take charge of them for a few hours. I did so rather unwillingly, for, although I pitied them, I am not naturally very fond of children. Neither was Margaret Long, though the one redeeming point in her husband's character seemed to be that he really loved his children. Well, to shorten a long story, she never returned, and the children were left on my hands. I could not desert them, and I did not choose to keep them, so, in the impulse of the moment, I took them to Civita Vecchia, whence I fancied that I had discovered that their parents had both gone to England, and thus we all lost sight of one another. I returned with the children to Florence, where I took counsel with my friends the Roccalinas. They advised me to follow them to England, and provided me with money. I had for some time wished to return to this country, so I disposed of my little property, collected my small dues, and procured introductions from patrons at Florence to their friends in England, and thus left Italy with my charge, almost as desolate as when I first entered it."

"Poor Clarina!" sighed Neville, gazing with ever-increasing astonishment and interest at his sister.

"Poor indeed, but still energetic and resolute. Of course I had been hasty and hot-headed—I

always was, and am still. It is difficult to trample out one's nature. But when we arrived in London I was nearly penniless. The poor children were worn out and ill, and I had no friends. I had my introductions, however, one of which was to a celebrated Italian musician. I found my way to him accompanied by the children. He said the English liked foreigners, and, as my Italian was good, I had better take a foreign name, and as long as the children were with me be the Signora. As he could not Italianise

Fairborn, try as he would, he suggested Ronda—La Signora Ronda!"

Here Neville could no longer restrain his excitement. He rose and stood by Clarina, exclaiming,

"Then you are not really Madame Ronda! And those melancholy little girls are not your children! You are still?"—he paused.

"Clarina Fairborn," she replied, and the strength she had partly forced to tell her tale gave way, and she burst into tears.

THE CHAIN OF LIFE IN GEOLOGICAL TIME.*

AN interesting little volume just issued under the above title—perhaps the least original portion of its contents—gives a clear sketch of the origin and succession of animals and plants on the earth from the days of the primeval organism, through all the phases of its progressive development, up to the reign of mammals and the advent of man. Its author, Principal Dawson, of Montreal, has already contributed several works of a similar nature, such as "The Origin of the World" and "The Story of the Earth and Man," etc., to popular geological literature. In the scientific world he is well known as the founder of a fourth great life period antecedent even to the ancient life epoch (Palaeozoic), to which he has given the name of the Eozoic, or dawn period (*eos*, dawn, *zoë*, life), as signifying his belief that it contains the earliest records of life on the earth. To the geological era thus constituted he refers the Laurentian and Huronian series of deposits developed in such enormous masses in the region of his Canadian home. They are of especial interest as the oldest of the known sedimentary deposits, and occur in the form of low, rounded, ice-worn hills, "which have endured the battles and the storms of time longer than any other mountains." Dr. Dawson has made these highly crystalline rocks his special study, and has discovered the few traces of animal life therein, his most noteworthy addition being that famous "dawn animal," *Eozoon canadense*, whose claims to animal organisation are still the subject of such keen debate.

The aim of the present volume, which is profusely illustrated with a series of well-executed woodcuts, many of which are from original sources, is to place (to quote his own prefatorial words) before those who are not specialists in like matters "such a view of the ascertained sequence of the forms of life as may serve at once to give exalted and elevated views of the great plan of creation, and to prevent the deceptions of pseudo-scientists from doing their evil work." The plan adopted is to note the first known appearance of each leading type of life, and to follow its progress throughout all the ages up to the present time.

After a few preliminary observations as to the extent and sources of our exact knowledge with regard to the beginning of life on the earth, and references to the various estimates as to the probable duration of geological time, the author makes the frank admission that science can tell us nothing as to how the first organism, whether plant or animal, or partaking of the nature of both, first came into being.

Assuming that life was necessarily non-existent on the face of the earth during the most intense glowing and vaporous conditions of its earliest existence, he concludes that, in the first instance, there must have been "an absolute creation or origination of life and organisation." Plants, he finds reason to believe, preceded animals, and our knowledge of the succession of life as revealed in the records of the rocks lead up to the conviction that the first creatures were of low and humble organisation, suited to the then immature and unfinished condition of our planet. At that period, however, its physical condition was not favourable to the preservation of their remains in a determinable state.

Thus it is that the life records of the Eozoic period are so imperfect, for it is considered probable, from the fact that great stores of carbon and of lime available for the use of such simple animals as were constituted to flourish under such conditions occur in the Eozoic rocks, that animal life was in reality more abundant during those ages than the scanty fossil traces of it would lead us to suppose. Here the famous *Eozoon canadense* appears upon the scene, and its claims to be considered an animal are strongly insisted

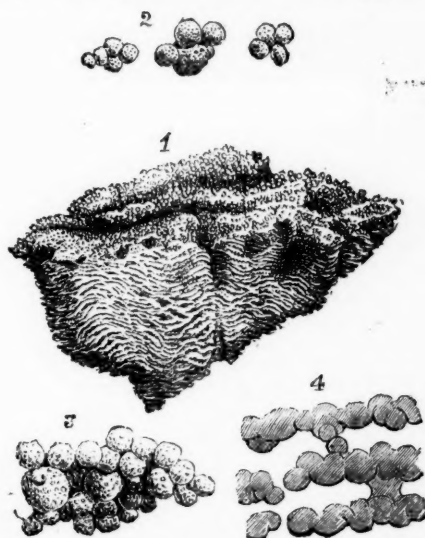


Fig. 1.—Small weathered specimen of *Eozoon*. From Petite Nation.

1. Natural size; showing general form, and acervuline portion above and laminated portion below.
2. Enlarged casts of cells from upper part.
3. Enlarged casts of cells from the lower part of the acervuline portion.
4. Enlarged casts of sarcocole layers from the laminated part.

* "The Chain of Life in Geological Time," by J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S. 8vo. With numerous woodcuts.—The Religious Tract Society, 66, Paternoster Row.

upon by its sponsor and discoverer (Fig. 1). For Dr.

Dawson has always maintained that this singular structure is the fossilised skeleton of masses of one of the lowest forms of life, the Foraminifera, or pore-bearing animals. In tracing this simple form of primeval life through the successive geological periods, Dr. Dawson finds its relatives or descendants up to the present time, but is not able to adduce any evidence with regard to the development of higher forms of animal life from *Eozoon*, because "he knows nothing of it." He notes, however, that "it has never perished, but has always found abundant place for itself, however pressed by physical changes, and by the introduction of higher beings."

Passing on to the "age of the invertebrates of the sea," the now comparatively rich Cambrian and Silurian fauna, the seaweeds, sponges, worms, moss animals, crustaceans, and mollusks, which exclusively populated the waters during the earlier Palæozoic period, is described, and the close affinity which many of them present to allied species in the existing seas clearly detailed. Thus the earliest known sponge (*Protospongia fenestrata*, Salter)—Fig. 2—from the

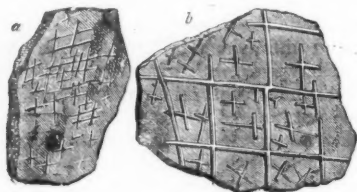


Fig. 2.—*Protospongia fenestrata* (Salter). Menevian group. a. Fragment showing the spicules partially displaced. b. Portion enlarged.

Cambrian, is shown to possess the same perfect type of skeletal development as the Lattice sponges of our own times (Fig. 3). These primeval sponges, it is

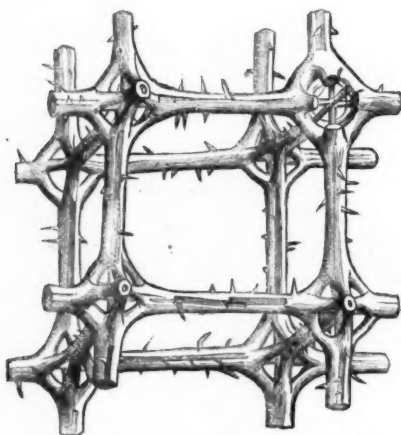


Fig. 3.—Portion of skeleton of Hexactinellid Sponge (*Cæloptychium*). Magnified. After Zittel.

further insisted, betray no relationship with the Foraminifera below or the corals above them in zoological gradation. Coming next to the Mollusca, we find the views of Mr. Davidson on the Brachiopoda,* and those of M. Barrande† on the Cephalopoda, with which our readers are already familiar, extensively

quoted, and the conclusions to be derived from the study of the chain of life in the ancient life period are thus summarised:—

"The Palæozoic age of geology is thus emphatically an age of invertebrates of the sea. In this period they were dominant in the waters, and, until towards its close, almost without rivals. We shall find, however, that in the Upper Silurian fishes made their appearance, and in the Carboniferous amphibian reptiles, and that, before the close of the Palæozoic, vertebrate life in these forms had become predominant. We shall also see that, just as the leading groups of Mollusks and Crustaceans seem to have had no ancestors, so it is with the groups of Vertebrates which take their places. It is also interesting to observe that already in the Palæozoic all the types of invertebrate marine life were as fully represented as at present, and that this swarming marine life breaks upon us in successive waves as we proceed upward from the Cambrian. Thus the progress of life is not gradual, but intermittent, and consists in the sudden and rapid influx of new forms destined to increase and multiply in the place of those which are becoming effete and ready to vanish away or to sink to a lower place. Farther, since the great waves of aquatic life roll in with each great subsidence of the land, a fact which coincides with their appearance in the limestones of the successive periods, it follows that it is not struggle for existence, but expansion under favourable circumstances and the opening up of new fields of migration that is favourable to the introduction of new species. The testimony of palæontology on this point in my judgment altogether subverts the prevalent theory of 'survival of the fittest,' and shows that the struggle for existence, so far from being a cause of development and improvement, has led only to decay and extinction, whereas the advent of new and favourable conditions, and the removal of severe competition, are the circum-

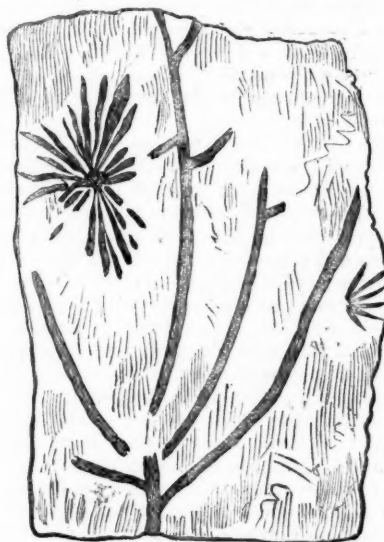


Fig. 4.—*Protannularia Harknessii* (Nicholson). A Lower Silurian Plant, from the Skiddaw series.

stances favourable to introduction of new and advanced species."

In treating of the "origin of plant life on the

* See "Leisure Hour," 1877, p. 613.

† See "Leisure Hour," 1878, p. 149.

land," the author premises, and on this point he speaks with the voice of recognised authority, that no direct evidence in the form of organised plant remains from the Eozoic rocks is forthcoming, although the quantity of carbon in the graphitic zone of the Laurentian series can only be compared with that of certain productive coal-fields, and suggests a vegetable derivation. In the Cambrian seaweeds abounded, but the first known semi-land plant is the *Protannularia Harknessii*, Nicholson (Fig. 4), which lived in Cambrian times, when the Skiddaw slates were deposited, and is believed to be distantly allied to the mares'-tails of our swamps. Subsequent discoveries prove the existence in the Lower Silurian period of members of the three leading families of the inferior division of flowerless plants, some of the highest types of which—the club-mosses, mares'-tails, and ferns—have therefore existed almost from the beginning. But it is in the Devonian, a partially lacustrine formation, that the earliest and most complete land flora is preserved (Fig. 5). The forms of flowering plants then covering the earth were greatly increased during the moist and warm climate of the ensuing Carboniferous epoch—one truly of luxuriant vegetation. But the Palæozoic flora was deficient in representatives of "nearly all that is characteristic of our modern forests, whether in the ordinary Exogens, which predominate so greatly in the trees and shrubs of temperate climates, or in the Palms and their allies which figure so conspicuously within the tropics. The few rare and, to some extent, doubtful, representatives of these types scarcely deserve to be noted as exceptions. Had a botanist searched the Palæozoic forests for precursors of the future, he would probably have found only a few rare species, while he would have seen all around him the giant forms and peculiar and monotonous foliage of tribes now degraded in magnitude and structure, and of small account in the system of nature.

"It must not be supposed that the Palæozoic flora remained in undisturbed possession of the continents during the whole of that long period. In the successive subsidencies of the continental plateaux, in which the marine limestones were deposited, it was to a great extent swept away, or was restricted to limited insular areas, and these more especially in the far north, so that on re-elevation of the land it was always peopled with northern plants. Thus there were alternate restrictions and expansions of vegetation, and the latter were always signalled by the introduction of new species, for here, as elsewhere, it was not struggle, but opportunity, that favoured improvement."

After this brief discussion on plant life, Dr. Dawson takes us back to the animal world, and relates the biography of the piscine race from the first appearance of the primeval and insignificant sharks and ganoids in late Silurian times to the culmination of the group in the Devonian, or "the reign of ganoids," when monsters of that ilk were the tyrants of the waters. He notes the incoming of the double-breathing reptilian type, of which the existing mud-fish is the degenerated descendant, and the subsequent replacement of both ganoid and dipnoid races in the mediæval age of geological history by the modern types of bony fishes.

Another chapter gives us the history of the primeval air-breathers, in the forms of insects, may-flies, and crickets, occurring associated with the remains of Devonian plants, and of the subsequent rapid increase

of types—the spiders, land snails, and batrachian reptiles of the Carboniferous period,—suctorial insects being first represented by the sphinx moth (Fig. 6) of the Solenhofen slates. The varied forms of snake-like piscine and crocodilian batrachians increased in number until their empire passed away on the appearance of the more elevated types.

"Nothing can be more remarkable than the apparently sudden and simultaneous incoming of the batrachian reptiles in the coal formation, as if, at a given signal, they came up like the frogs of Egypt, everywhere and in all varieties of form. If, as evolutionists suppose, they were developed from fishes, this must have been by some sudden change, occurring at once all over the world, unless, indeed, some great and unknown gap separates the Devonian from the Carboniferous—a supposition which seems quite contrary to fact—or unless in some region yet unexplored this change was proceeding, and at a particular time its products spread themselves over the world—a supposition equally improbable. In short, the hypothesis of evolution, as applied to these animals, is surrounded with geological improbabilities."

The ensuing interesting description of the discovery and working out of the remains of the primeval air-breathing reptiles from the decayed trunks of trees in the coal formation in Nova Scotia is, we regret, too lengthy for quotation.

The true reptiles form a strong link in the "chain of life." These were not, however, "fully enthroned till the Permian, an unsettled and disturbed age, characterised by great earth movements, had passed away, and until that period of continental elevation, with local deserts and desiccation, and much volcanic action, which we call the Trias, had also passed. Then, in the Jurassic and early Cretaceous the reptiles culminated and presented features of magnitude and structural complexity unrivalled in later times." The history of the great sea lizards, the beast-like reptiles (Theriodonts), and the flying saurians, is illustrated by numerous woodcuts. Among the most remarkable of these is that of the ponderous bipedal *Hadrosaurus* (Fig. 7), as restored by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, a type to which we have now good reason to believe the bulky *Iguanodon* of the Wealden also belonged. Figures of the birds with teeth, discovered by Marsh in the Cretaceous rocks of America, are also given (Fig. 8), as well as the usual restoration of that remarkable—almost quadrupedal—bird, *Archæopteryx*, which is so unlike all other members of its class that one great authority on birds refuses its admission into the avian ranks. This cut, however, we will not reproduce, as recent discoveries prove it one that will require considerable modification. These apparently intermediate forms are thus dismissed by our author:—

"In the later Mesozoic, indeed, some reptiles became so bird-like that they nearly approach the earliest birds; but this was a final and futile effort of the reptile to obtain in the air that supremacy which it had long enjoyed in earth and water; and its failure was immediately succeeded in the Eocene by the appearance of a cloud of true birds representing all the existing orders."

"So far as yet known, the reign of reptiles was world-wide in its time; and the imagination is taxed to conceive of a state of things in which the seas swarmed with great reptiles on every coast, when the land was trodden by colossal reptilian bipeds and

quadrupeds, in comparison with some of which our elephants are pigmies, and when the air was filled

the great subsidence had made progress and almost attained its consummation."

Returning to the plant world, Dr. Dawson gives a brief history of the appearance of vegetation allied to that now existing, which came in with its full force in the latter days of the Cretaceous epoch before the expiration of the reign of the reptiles. "Thus the plant

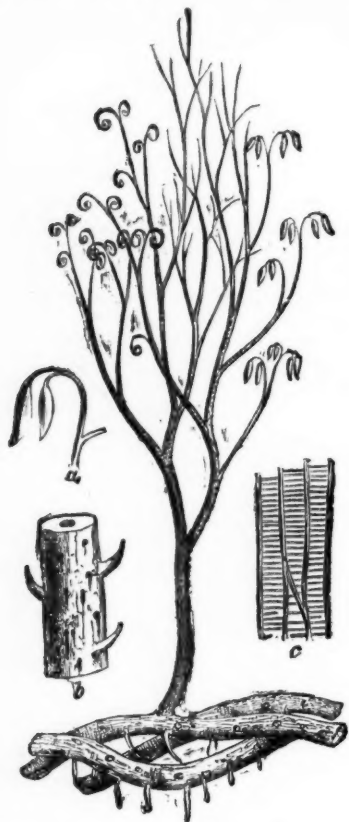


Fig. 5.—*Psilophyton princeps* (Dn.). Upper Silurian and Devonian. Restored.

a. Fruit, natural size. b. Stem, natural size. c. Scalariform tissue of the axis, highly magnified. In the restoration one side is represented in venation, and the other in fruit.

with the grotesque and formidable Pterodactyls. Yet this is no fancy picture. It represents a time which actually existed, when that comparatively low, brutal, and insensate type of existence represented by the modern crocodiles and alligators was supreme in the world. The duration of these creatures was long, and in watching the progress of creation, they would have seemed the permanent inhabitants of the earth. Yet all have perished, and their modern successors, except a few large species existing in the warmer climates, have become subject to the more recently introduced mammalia.

"How did the ancient reptile aristocracy perish? We are ignorant of the details of the catastrophe, but their final disappearance and replacement by the more modern fauna was connected with a great continental subsidence in the Cretaceous age, and with changes of climate and conditions preceding and subsequent to it. Yet the struggle for continued dominion was hard and protracted, and towards its close some of the champions of the reign of reptiles were the greatest and most magnificent examples of the type; as if they had risen in their might to defy approaching ruin. Thus some of the most stupendous forms appear in the later Cretaceous, after

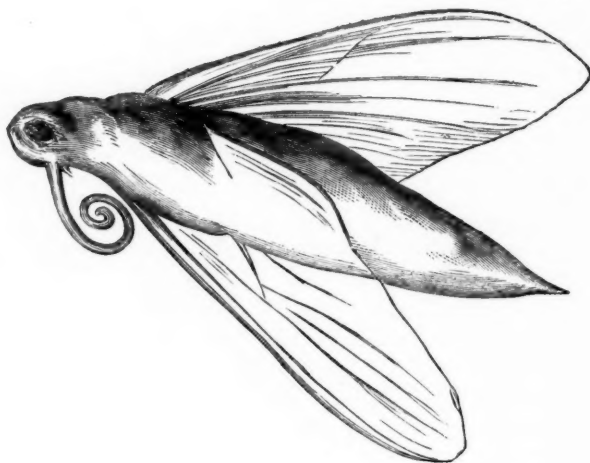


Fig. 6.—A Jurassic Sphinx-moth (*Sphinx Snelleri*, Weyenburgh).

takes precedence of the animal, and the preparation was made for the mammalian life of the Eocene by the introduction of the modern flora in the Cretaceous period." The forests first covered the land that



Fig. 7.—*Hadrosaurus Foulkii* (Cope). An Herbivorous Dinosaur, 28 feet long.—After Hawkins's restoration.

bordered the chalk ocean. At that period the vegetation of Eastern Europe resembled that now characteristic of China or South America. The uppermost chalk of Maestricht is crowded with remains of plants of comparatively recent type, and in the Eocene great forests of oaks, chestnuts, laurels, giant pines, and other genera, some of them still European, others now Asiatic or American, and many of them sur-

vivors of the Cretaceous, flourished on the land until the exuberance of plant life was finally checked on our continents by the great ice age (Fig. 9).

Another chapter is devoted to the evidence favourable and unfavourable to the theories of the evolution of the mammalia. The incoming in the Trias of the inferior marsupial order, now exclusively restricted

and his ingenious arguments on this point, as well as his views regarding the origin and history of life on



Fig. 8.—Jaw of a Cretaceous Toothed Bird (*Ichthyornis dispar*).—After Marsh. Natural size.

to the Australian and North American continents, but once so numerous distributed over the European area, is related with the subsequent appearance in early Tertiary times of the superior herbivorous and carnivorous orders. Thus we are led up to the latter days of the earth's history, when the sabretoothed tiger (Fig. 10), the mammoth, and the cave lion were the contemporaries and the foes of primeval man, whose advent on the earth is proclaimed by the presence of the rude weapons he used, and his subsequent steps on the path of progress by relics of his pottery, his dwellings, and a few records of the simple arts he practised (Fig. 11).



Fig. 9.—*Cinnamomum Scheuchzeri* (Heer). Miocene. England.

the earth, readers who are interested in such matters had better consider for themselves. We may add

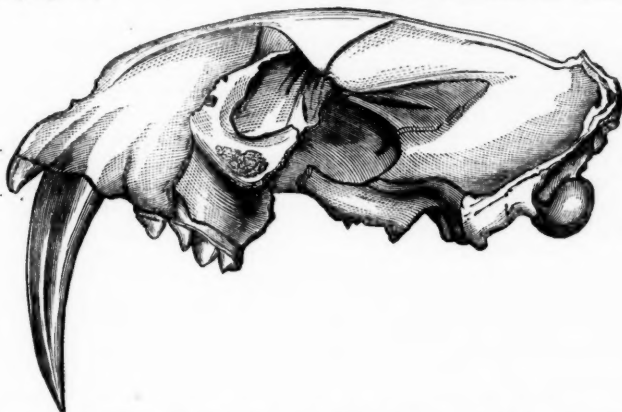


Fig. 10.—Skull of a Cymetar-toothed Tiger (*Machairodus cultridens*). Pliocene, France. Reduced.

The advent of man forges the last link in the chain of life throughout the ages. Dr. Dawson

that his little volume covers wide ground, and teems with facts and conclusions, many of which, original



Fig. 11.—Sketch of a Mammoth, carved on a portion of a Tusk of the same Animal (Lartet).

assigns a much shorter period for the existence of the human race than is usual with scientific writers,

and forcible, merit further consideration than our space permits.

A. C.



SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS.

CHAPTER XII.—NORTHERN LIGHTS.

WE are not certain whether we could find now in Scotland all the characteristics which we have attempted to delineate in these brief pages. Scotland has not escaped the transitions and innovations so remarkable in our times. We sometimes wonder whether the Scottish peasantry is now, what it was admitted universally to be once, the finest and noblest in the world. The peasant so tenderly described by Mr. Cromek in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," in which he writes: "There is not perhaps a more impressive scene than a Scottish Sabbath morn presents; when the wind is low, the summer's sun newly risen, and all the flocks at browse by the waters and by the woods. How glorious then to listen to the holy murmur of retired prayer, and the distant chant of the cottarman's psalm spreading from hamlet and village."—Or, in the language of Thomas Aird, one of Scotland's sweetest poets: "To see the old men on a bright evening of the still Sabbath, sitting in their southern gardens on the low beds of camomile, with the Bible in their hands, their old eyes filled with mild seriousness, blent with the sunlight of the sweet summertime, is one of the most pleasing pictures of human life." This cottage peace, and solemn reverence of young and old, is perhaps very much a story of the past. But it was, we believe, from scenes and characteristics like these it came about that, perhaps, no country in the world, in proportion to its size, has produced so many eminent men from the humble ranks of life—men who, from the most adverse circumstances, have forced their way to fame; the sons of shepherds and of weavers, lowly born and sternly reared, becoming great lawyers and great linguists, great poets, great orators in the pulpit, and leaders of metaphysical thought.

Perhaps the course of these papers, which we are now bringing to a close, will a little vindicate us from the charge in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," that Englishmen are prone as a people to underrate the national virtues of Scotchmen. On the other hand, the same page of the same work declares that, manifold as are the excellencies of the Scottish character, there is a tendency, in the English mind or imagination, enormously to magnify them; but we have presented no such exaggerations. We have seen that Scotland—a land considered naturally poor—is so rich that you may hear the cattle lowing on a thousand hills, while the river-fed glens are rich with the noblest of crops. The scenery, too, is of the noblest on the earth, and, perhaps, better fitted than any we can easily reach to stir and to satisfy the heart of the pedestrian. The vast and houseless moors are more cheerful than cities; the hill country is alive with the voice of streams, and magnificent armies of mists trooping to and fro among the glens, and rolling in silence far more sublime than the tramp of horses or the rush of

chariots; such scenes give perpetual variety to the heath-covered mountains of the lovely land.

The grandeur and moral sublimity of any country may be estimated by its power to produce upon the mind permanent impressions, and this is eminently the case with Scotland; mountains and floods, mists and roaring torrents, silver lakes and precipitous crags, the unceasing dash of the ocean beating on the hard rocks—all such things become the occasions of intellectual and moral power, and they act on the hearts and minds of those capable of interpreting such sublime phenomena.

Scotland appears in a remarkable manner to illustrate the interdependence of moral and physical geography; its climate and its physical features have, no doubt, very materially helped to mould the character of its people.

Burt, in his "Letters from the North of Scotland" (1754), one of the earliest works descriptive of this country, tells the story of an officer finding a laird at one of the public huts in the Highlands, and, both going the same way, they agreed to keep each other company for the rest of the journey. After they had ridden about four miles, the laird turned round, and said, "Now, all the ground we have hitherto gone over is my own property." "Say you so?" says the other; "I tell you the truth; I have an apple-tree in Herefordshire that I would not swop with you for the whole of it."

This may appear to give but a grim account of the country; but perhaps it speaks of that hard strength of the strata which sustains a character equally expert, it has been said, in constructing systems of mental science and philosophy, and good bowls of whisky punch. The characteristics of Scottish national scenery seem to be very closely blended with reminiscences which all tend to illustrate, and to bring out into a strong light, the mind, and moral qualities of the people. Perhaps the effect of natural objects in a northern, or mountainous region, is greater when associated with objects of national history. Wordsworth truly says,

"The tales
Of persecution and the Covenant,
Their echo rings through Scotland to this hour."

Those persecutions were not mere things of a day, but continued through at least three generations, and their memory has been emblazoned by the pens of Scott, Galt, Hogg, Wilson, Grahame, Pollok, and Moir, and the pencils of Wilkie, Harvey, Duncan, and a crowd besides. The pious Scotchman comes to holy ground as he wanders among the wild moors and solitudes of his land. Here was the cavern, where the crystal water bubbles up, where the Covenanter's infant was baptized. Beneath this little knoll the aged elder was gathered to his final rest,

and, in this narrow vale the children and disciples of the Covenant met, in fear and trembling, to remember the death of the Saviour, or to rejoice over some great deliverance, singing, as in the fine words of Delta—

"We have no hearths; the ashes lie
In blackness where they brightly shone;
We have no homes—the desert sky
Our covering, earth our couch alone;
We have no heritage—deprived
Of these, we ask not such on earth.
Our hearts are sealed, we seek in heaven
For heritage, and home, and hearth.
Let thunders crash, let torrents shower,
Let whirlwinds churn the howling sea;
What is the turmoil of an hour
To an eternal calm with Thee!"

Hence, what a fascinating charm gathers round the Bass Rock, with its martyr graves. But patriotic memories and associations of Scotland equal its religious. Here you come upon a glen which sheltered William Wallace from his foes, and there some hut or rude cavern which gave an asylum to the outlawed Bruce. Even the translucent Esk, and the caverned Hawthornden, hold the charm not merely of the old oak and birchen forests which fringe their beauties, but of the venerable names we have just mentioned. Hence it was that the phlegmatic Dr. Johnson, notwithstanding all his foolish prejudices against Scotchmen, was compelled to yield to the moral inspiration of the home of St. Columba, while Sir Walter Scott not only received the permanent impressions of the wonderful country whose wild and varied legends seemed to respond to, and to interpret, the majestic glories of the

"Land of brown heath, and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountaïn, fell, and flood,"

but fixed his impressions in his immortal and Homeric descriptions. Well may Scotland be proud; she has given never-dying names to intellectual science; she has given historians who have written the immortal histories of continents, and philosophers who have successfully speculated on the universal nature of man. She has given some of the children of sweetest song, embodying, in most wonderful verse, the most obscure and the most fascinating traditions. It has been said that Adam Smith did not so much create an era in political science as political science itself; while, great as are the merits of the "Wealth of Nations," the "Cotter's Saturday Night" of the ploughboy poet will probably outlive that great political work, and speak to the heart of man in all stages of its development.

It is true the Scotchman is pugnacious; he has been nursed in storms, both physically and morally; his life has been usually, for many ages, a life of hard discipline. Hence feats of daring became the end of existence. The story of the country is a history of stirring events, in which tempestuous passions had free scope. Indeed, the history of Scotland does by no means produce a pleasing impression on the mind; it is full of romance and adventure, but there is very little in it that looks generous; it is too much like the story of the conflict of clans, and every clan had an Indian's scent for the blood of its neighbour. Something of the same stern characteristics abide, and give, as has often been remarked, a passion for

wrangling, a dogged tenaciousness of opinion, a proneness to use uncomfortable epithets, and an inability to distinguish between the substance and the shadow. The quaint and even mistaken use of language has been illustrated in many particulars, as where the maid describes the exacting and economical ways of her mistress. "She's vicious upc' the wark; but, eh! she's vary mysterious o' the victualling." Dean Ramsay recites the story of an Aberdonian, of the name of Bannerman, of a matter-of-fact disposition, when some one remarked, "It's a fine day," drily responding, "Fa's findin' faut wi' the day? Ye wad pick a quarrel wi' a steen wa!" The "Quarterly Review" remarks on this that "Punch" translates it, "Do you want to hargue, you beggar?" but cites the story of an Aberdonian sand-cadger, who, instead of uttering his cry of "Buy dry san'!" as he drove his cart through the streets, shouted, in a peevish tone, "Ye wunna buy san' the day; na, ye wunna!" It has been said that the persistent use of barbarous epithets in legal language illustrates the dogged obstinacy of the Scottish character. Thus, having occasion to look through some ecclesiastical proceedings in the Scottish courts, we found such verbiage as the following plentifully sprinkled: "Should be" *sisted* (Anglice, stopped or summoned) "as parties;" "any part of the *sederunt*;" "present when the *deliverance* was pronounced;" "were *astricted* to obey;" "they implemented the veto law;" "when the call was *moderated in*," etc., etc.

We might largely amplify and illustrate here, but we prefer to dwell on some of those features which, as the Scotchman has yielded to the influences of culture and civilisation, especially when he has felt the amenities of other climes and scenes, have made him so genial a companion, and even so faithful a friend. We have referred to that ease with which he glides into society, and that reticence and power of self-respect which sustains him there. How many anecdotes leap to the memory to show this. We have noticed how the Scot abroad rises in estimation and honour. An interesting story is told by Dr. Rogers of the private secretary of the late Duke of Wellington. Perhaps it shows the perception and bias of the duke, that upon the death of his duchess he requested the Marquis of Tweeddale to look out for a prudent Scotsman who might become his *major domo*, or private secretary. Lord Tweeddale, being somewhat reluctant to undertake the task, the duke said to him, "Just select a man of sense and send him up. I'll take a look at him, and if I don't think he'll suit I'll pay his expenses and send him home." Returning to Yester House, the marquis sent for Mr. Heriot, who rented one of his farms, and asked him whether he would undertake the proposed secretaryship. Mr. Heriot consented to make a trial. Arriving at Apsley House, he was kindly received by the great duke, who explained that, while all private business would terminate at one o'clock, the secretary would afterwards be required to entertain visitors. The latter duties seemed formidable, but Mr. Heriot did not seek an explanation. That evening the duke gave a dinner party. On the guests being ushered into the dining-room the duke said, "Mr. Heriot, will you take the end of the table?" Embarrassing as was his position, the new *major domo* acquitted himself well, evincing on the various topics of conversation, especially on questions of the day, much correct information. Some members of the company

described him as an intelligent Scotsman, which entirely concurred with the duke's own sentiments. He was soon in entire possession of his grace's confidence. Walking in the City one day, Mr. Heriot met an old acquaintance from Scotland. "Hollo, Heriot!" said the friend, "what are you doing in London?" "I'm private secretary to the Duke of Wellington," answered Heriot. "You be nothing of the sort," said the Scotsman, "and I fear you're doing little good since you would impose upon me in this fashion." Returning to Scotland, it occurred to Heriot's acquaintance that he would write to the duke warning him that one Heriot had been passing himself off as his secretary from Apsley House. He received a reply in these words: "Sir,—I am directed by the Duke of Wellington to acknowledge receipt of your letter, and I am your obedient servant, J. Heriot, Private Secretary."

We have not dwelt upon any of the more unamiable characteristics of the Scotch nationality. Why should we? Personally, we have only met with here and there a disagreeable Scotchman. All the Scotchmen we have really known have been downright good fellows. But "keeking" through, we can see that a Scot is a man of terrible prejudices; he is made of stern stuff. Dr. Johnson ought to have loved him, for, usually, he is "a good hater." Dr. Norman Macleod says, "It must be frankly admitted that there is no man more easily offended, more *thin-skinned*, who cherishes longer the memory of an insult, or keeps up with more freshness a personal, family, or party feud, than the genuine Highlander. Woe to the man who offends his pride or his vanity! 'I may forgive, but I cannot forget,' is a favourite saying. He will stand by a friend to the last, but, let a breach be once made, and it is most difficult ever again to repair it as it once was. The grudge is immortal. There is no man who can fight and shake hands like the genuine Englishman."

We have already dwelt at length on some of the characteristics of Scottish humour, and have shown that Sidney Smith was certainly very far wrong when he said that "a surgical operation was needed in order to put a joke into a Scotchman's head." Yet there is a feature of Scottish character out of which possibly this mistaken verdict grew. Dr. Rogers truly says that the Scottish farmer, though usually shrewd, is not always so; but we would add to this that there is a kind of greenness—a grim unconsciousness—which is often the next best thing to genuine humour. Rogers mentions a Kincardineshire husbandman, who was expressing to his minister the high opinion he had of his personal virtues, and he wound up his eulogy by saying, "An' I a'ways and specially liket your sterling independence, sir; I hae a'ways said, sir, that ye neither fear God nor man!" On the other hand, the shrewdness is sometimes remarkable. A farmer, the elder of a parish in Forfarshire, was suggesting to his recently-appointed youthful pastor how he should proceed in his parochial visitations. "Now there's John," he said. "Speak to him on any subject except ploughing and sowing, for John is sure to remark your deficiency on these, which he perfectly understands; and if he should detect that you dinna ken about ploughing and sowing, he'll no gie ye credit for understanding anything else."

Not often to be caught napping is the Scotch humorist. "You have a wide view from these mountains," said an Englishman to a shepherd in

some remote district in the heights of Aberdeen. "That's true," said the shepherd. "You can see," said the travellers (there were two), "America from here." "Muckle farrer than that," he replied. "An' how can that be?" "When the mist drives off ye can see the mune."

Shrewdness—a grim shrewdness—we have noticed as the characteristic of Scotch humour. During the Voluntary controversy Dr. John Ritchie, of the Pollesrow Church, Edinburgh, was one of the foremost champions on the Voluntary side. At a public meeting held in Dundee, the reverend gentleman was descanting on the misrepresentations to which his opponents had subjected him. "They have," he said, "called me everything but a gentleman, everything but a minister—nay, they have compared me to the devil himself. Now," he proceeded, coming forward to the front of the platform, and exhibiting a well-shaped limb, "I ask you if you see any cloven foot there?" "Tak aff ye're *shae*" (shoe), shouted a voice from the gallery. What oratory could stand against that rejoinder? And we believe, although Sheridan has the credit of the joke, it was a Scotchman who, when told by a remarkably ugly fellow that, unless he altered his ways, he would withdraw his countenance from him, replied, "I am very glad to hear it, for an uglier countenance I never saw in a' my life!"

Patrick Lord Robertson, one of the senators of the College of Justice, was a great humorist; he was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Alexander Douglas, w.s., much respected, but, on account of his untidiness, known as "Dirty Douglas." Lord Robertson invited his friend to accompany him to a ball. "I would go," said Mr. Douglas, "but I don't care about my friends knowing that I attend balls." "Why, Douglas," said the senator, "put on a well-brushed coat and a clean shirt, and nobody will know you."

When at the Bar, Robertson was frequently entrusted with cases by Mr. Douglas. Handing his learned friend a fee in Scottish notes, Mr. Douglas remarked, "These notes, Robertson, are like myself, getting old." "Yes, the're both old and dirty, Douglas," replied Robertson; which anecdote reminds us that lawyers, next to ministers, enter most into the humours of the Scottish character.

It has been well said that the Scotch are a peculiar people, but some of their southern neighbours are not very well aware of their peculiarities. "Hard-headed" is a very general designation of their nationality; harsh and unamiable, it is supposed that there is only an indurated grain in their temper; but it is even yet more true that they are shy in displaying the softer part of their nature, and that their peculiar humour is often nothing more than pathos, checked, curbed, and turned aside by a sense of shame at being caught giving way to tender-heartedness. But it would indeed be strange if there were not depths of tenderness in the Scottish character, when we remember the wailing sweetness of the most popular of the national airs, the dirge, the hymn, the elegy. Musical and poetical genius often meet together in the national lyrics; passion-inspired pedestrians in Scotland often come upon some lonesome burial-place among the hills; the kirk has been removed elsewhere, but there still beloved dust is deposited. "Enchained in sounds, disappointed, defrauded, or despairing passion," says Professor Wilson, "gave birth to the low, flat tune,

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surcharged throughout with one groan-like sigh, acknowledged even by gayest hearts to be indeed the language of incurable grief." No one who knows anything of Scottish music or Scottish poetry can for a moment doubt that there is a fine depth of tenderness in the Scottish character, although it may be hidden like her lakes among stern dark mountain passes, and fringed with forest glooms.

THE TAKING OF PARIS.

THE siege of Paris, and its capture by the German army, must always be accounted amongst the most memorable events of the present century. Not less interest, however, attached to its invasion by the Allied Armies on the fall of the first Napoleon. The following paper, translated from "*L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*," presents a lively picture of the Paris of 1815, for contrast or comparison, and may be read with new interest by the present generation.

"There are," said Fontenelle, "words that startle with surprise and dread when found together,"—such as those that form the title of this narrative. The taking of Paris! How, why, by whom was this capital taken? Has not Montesquieu made the observation very felicitously that the town was situated most advantageously for its own safety and for that of France? Had we not two lines of fortifications, mountains inaccessible, and the sea to defend all approaches?—brave and numerous legions to cover it? What power in Europe could remove so many obstacles, and make a way unto the very walls of Paris? All Europe. What cause has produced such an effect? The foolish ambition of a single man.

It belongs to history to mark the crimes, to relate the faults which brought on so great a disaster; to reveal, for the instruction of people and of ages, the revolting picture of tyranny which has lain on France twelve years; the deplorable excesses, some of which have been perhaps necessary for the accomplishment of the vows which belonged to hearts really French; the re-establishment of the throne of the lilies; the restoration of the family of Henry IV; and the solemn guarantee of seeing the forms of law make flourish public liberty. My life is too advanced, my strength too much weakened for me to attempt making a sketch of so vast a description. I collect by chance some materials, and hands stronger and more able will erect the edifice.

Among the many events that political shocks had given reason to fear, that of the occupation of the capital by foreign armies had never entered into my mind. I had as a guarantee for my security three centuries of uninterrupted possession; for I persist in not seeing a conquest in the taking of Paris during the reign of Charles VI. The English were invited there, introduced and supported by factions, by the insanity of the king, by the perfidy of the queen, and by the proscription of the dauphin. The other sieges of Paris belong to the history of our civil discords, and are altogether different from the success of the hostile armies. It was easy to foresee that France, assailed beyond all bounds, overwhelmed as by a torrent of all Europe, exhausted by innumerable sacrifices, crushed by her

conquests, disgusted with war and even with glory—it was easy, I say, to foresee that France was menaced by a great catastrophe.

Europe was leagued against oppression. Her allied armies were come to obtain a peace so vainly and so long invoked. The sanctity of the cause had doubled their number and secured their success. Fifteen months had sufficed to bring back our legions from the banks of the Moskowa to those of the Seine. Of all sights that could be offered to the Parisians, the newest, as well as the most terrible, was that of a battle. For more than two centuries war had not approached their walls; the noise of arms sounded for a long time only in triumphal marches; and their women could say, like those of the Sparta, that they had never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. The storm raged over their heads; the people of Paris thought themselves in safety from the thunderbolt. A deceitful Government kept up, by all possible means, this dangerous security, and the enemy was at our gates whilst bulletins yet spoke to us of victories.

Our eyes did not begin to be opened before the morning of the 28th of March, at the sight of heart-rending scenes, of which the boulevards were the principal theatre. These peaceful ramparts, lately adorned with brilliant equipages, with elegant women, with all the retinue of luxury and pleasure, were at this time covered with wounded soldiers, with peasants who had abandoned their farms and their hearths, and were carrying away the wreck of their wretched fortune. Here carts or some bundles of hay and straw served as a bed for entire families; there were seen flocks of sheep and of oxen, which their owners brought from the country. Farther on, groups of terrified citizens load with questions some poor wretches that seemed to be relieved by relating their misfortunes. What touching episodes in this sad picture! What instances of pity! what generous actions, what relief, what consolation have I seen lavished by our good Parisians on their unfortunate countrymen!

At midday the scene changes, and all that passes along the boulevards is no longer but a spectacle for the crowd which walks there. Confidence seems to revive; everything takes a warlike attitude. Some fugitives and a still greater number of wounded arrive; but fresh troops, ammunition, and artillery set out in good order. Some ordnance officers passing through Paris spread lying reports, and the people not only see without emotion the same objects which chilled them with fear some hours before, but go on to take part in games of grimace, of buffoonery, of puppet-shows, where they had been talking with fear about the imminent peril with which it was threatened. The same disquietude is renewed the next day, the same causes make it disappear.

Posterity will certainly hesitate to believe, or at least to understand, that an army of two hundred thousand men arrived within two leagues of this immense capital and its inhabitants, who were not otherwise informed of it than by the noise of cannon and the beating of drums on the 30th of March, at four o'clock in the morning, in all parts of the town. At this I arose from my bed, on which I had not slept. My plans had been formed the evening before. I put on an old woollen blue coat, which did not badly resemble a uniform; I placed on my shoulder a gun; I covered my head with a thick Polish hat, and in this guise I set out. Fear was at its height

in every part of the capital. The drum summoned the National Guard to defend a town which could not be defended. Everywhere women and children sought with tears to keep back husbands and fathers who tore themselves eagerly from their arms. The field of battle was, so to say, at my door; I went towards the heights of Montmartre.

Pursuing an odious system of lying and perfidy, the Government had announced in the evening that they wanted to repel only a weak column of the enemy's army, and yet two hundred thousand men were under our walls! Masses of infantry were advancing on all sides, an innumerable cavalry covered the plains, six hundred pieces of artillery thundered upon the heights!

No measures had been taken to repel such an attack. Some pieces of cannon served by enthusiastic young men, and placed at hazard on the surrounding hills; twelve thousand men of the troops of the line, the same number of the National Guard, without leaders and without ammunition; a line of palisades badly formed and joined: such were our means of defence. Could these have been adopted with any other intention than that of bringing upon this town all the horrors of a siege, by giving it a warlike aspect fitted to justify all the measures that the conquerors could take, and all the excesses to which they could give themselves? After a defence of twelve hours against tenfold strength, when all appeared lost, except our honour, whilst they were still placarding on the walls a proclamation in which a king who had just fled declared "I remain with you,"—when there no longer remained to overleap anything but a frail barrier, an object of derision to the Parisians themselves, they saw (a thing incredible) the victorious army of the allied powers stop as by enchantment at the gates of this capital of France—the object of so many vows, fatigues, and labour; they saw monarchs, animated by resentment at so many outrages, forbid the entering into Paris, which victory had given them, and sign with a French general a capitulation—a monument of magnanimity of which history does not present the like.

This night of the 30th of March, which was to have been for Paris a night of pillage and destruction, saw terminate fifteen years of slavery. It has restored in the capital the alliance of the great powers of Europe, and set up again the ancient and sacred throne of our legitimate kings; a prodigious revolution, which the most enterprising genius imagined but in a dream, and which was executed as soon as it was foreseen. France on the 30th of March groaned under the yoke of Bonaparte; on the 31st she was free, and recalled Louis XVIII. From daybreak the boulevards were in a manner inundated by streams of an immense crowd. The windows of all the houses were filled with spectators. Some patrols of the National Guard were sufficient to maintain order among this multitude of citizens, animated with the same spirit and sentiments.

I will not conceal that this scene and these legions, brought back from the banks of the Volga, the Spree, and the Danube, all this pomp of foreigners, afflicted my heart; my eyes were filled with tears; but the love of my country and of humanity soon triumphed over the feeling of national pride, and I saw with an admiration till then unknown a foreign monarch received as a benefactor in the capital of a state, and receiving with the most touching modesty the homage

with which they surrounded him, and replying to the acclamations of a people full of gratitude for the redemption of two hundred thousand French prisoners whom the events of war had thrown into his hands.

THE PRIVY PURSE OF JAMES I.

A BUNDLE of papers has been put into our hands containing fragments of the Privy Purse of King James I in the years 1627—28—29. They were found by a carpenter in taking up the floor of an old house in Westminster. They are evidently copies made many years ago. Whether the originals are in any of the national archives we do not know, but the items, of which we select a few, will be read with interest by others besides mere archæologists. Some of the public events of King James's reign are curiously recalled. The payments also afford illustration of the prices paid and the value of money two centuries and a half ago.

By order dated 11th of February, 1627. To Sir Henry Vane and Sir Marmaduke Darrell, Knights, coferers of his Majesty's household, the sum of £500, by way of impres upon account, being a yearly allowance made by way of increase of assignement unto the said coferers for the maintenance of a new diet of 7 dishes every meal allowed to Sir William Alexander, Knight, Secretary for the Kingdom of Scotland, payable quarterly in Michaelmas term, to begin from Michaelmas last past, 1627, and due for one whole year begun at that feast, by writ dated 26th of October, 1627.

By order dated 16th of November, 1627. To Naughtan O Donnell, prisoner in the Tower of London, the sum of £66 13s. 4d. upon his allowance of £133 6s. 8d. per annum for and in respect of his apparel, linen, phisic, and other necessities, payable quarterly during pleasure, and due for half a year ended at the feast of Saint Michael the Archangel last past, 1627, by writ dated 6th of May, 1625.

By order dated 20th of November, 1627. To Robert Wood the sum of £200, in full of £439 13s. 6d., for so much by him disbursed for his charges in a journey to the King of Poland and the Prince his son, to whom the late King James was pleased to send the said Robert Wood with a present of 6 cornorants, over and above £60, impressed to him towards the said charges appearing by his bill of the particulars thereof, rated and allowed by the Earl of Pembroke, late Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's household, by writ dated 29th of March, 1626.

By order dated 29th of November, 1627. To James Heriott, his Majesty's jeweler, the sum of £70, to be by him paid to Captain John Dowglas, for so much owing to him by the late Duke of Brunswick, in the time of his being here without account, &c., by writ dated 19th of January, 1626.

By order dated 5 January, 1628. To Seigneur Jeronimo Sold, the sum of £110 in full satisfaction for defraying the dietts and expences of Mr. Mathias Quadde Wickowde, Ambassador extraordinary from the Prince of Transilvania, for the space of 22 days, after the rate of 100s. per day, being the time of his residence here. By writ of Privy Seal dated 24 November, 1626.

By order taken this 21st of February, 1628, unto Sir Henry Vane and Sir Marmaduke Darrell, Knight, Coferers of his Majesty's household, as well £81 0s. 1d., upon their allowance of £379 8s. 9d. yearly, to make up £579 8s. 9d. yearly, for a diet of six dishes of meat, with all incidents, belonging to Henry Earl of Manchester, to make up the diet of ten dishes, which he now hath, the number of 16 dishes being the ancient allowance of diet belonging to the Lord Privy Seal (whereof £200 is allowed by a former privy Seal to the four clerks of the privy Seal for their diet), to commence from the 13th of July last, payable quarterly during the time he shall hold the said place of Lord Privy Seal, which amounteth to per day to 20s. 9d. due for 78 days, &c.

By order dated 11 April, 1628. To the right Honorable Theophilus Earl of Suffolk, or his assigns, the sum of £150 as of his Majesty's free gift towards the reparation of such spoils as were made in Suffolk house during the residence of the French

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ambassadors there. By writ of Privy Seal dated 22nd February, 1625.

By order dated 1 July, 1628. To Henry Ellowes M'chant, the sum of £1,300 in full satisfaction for a Bracelett which his Majesty bought of him and bestowed upon his dearest consort the Queen for a new year's gift at Xmas 1626. By writ of Privy Seal dated the last of January, 1626.

By order dated 5 July, 1628. To James Ross, one of the Pages of his Majesty's Bedchamber, the sum of £300 as of his Majesty's free and Princely gift, in recompence of a suit which his Majesty lately bestowed upon him of a parcel of Spanish Tobacco lately seized to his Majesty use as being forfeited unto his Majesty, which suit he is contented to relinquish without account, &c. By writ dated the last of June, 1628.

By order dated the 26 July, 1628. To John Acton, his Majesty's Goldsmith, the sum of £150, in part of £6,866 16s. 0½d. for gold and silver plate of him bought and provided to his Majesty, and for new making, mending, gilding, and repairing of his Majesty's plate, and for chains of gold meddals and other things given away to Ambassadors, &c., and for moneys disbursed and laid out to several persons, and for other several necessities and charges belonging to his Majesties service in the jewel house. By writ of Privy Seal dated 6 October, 1627.

By order dated 18 August, 1628. To Susan Countess of Denbigh, first Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, the sum of £1,000 in full of £2,000 to be employed for the private use and expenses extraordinary of the said Queen in her present progress, as of his Majesty's free gift. By writ of Privy Seal dated 3 July, 1628.

By order dated 11 September, 1628. To Thomas Pott, Esquires, Master of his Majesty's privy Harriers and Beagles, the sum of 55 pounds upon his fee and wages of £120 per annum for himself, one footman, and four hewmen, and his allowance of £100 per annum for keeping of twenty couple of hounds for his Majesty's service and disport, amounting in the whole to £220 p. annum, being now due for the quarter ended at Midsomer last, 1628. By writ of Privy Seal dated 24 January, 1625.

By order dated 22 September, 1628. To Andrew Pitcarne, Esquire, Master of his Majesty's Hawks, the sum of £100, being an yearly allowance for provision of summer liveries for 24 of his Majesty's Falconers, which he hath made choice of to attend his Majesty in his disports of Hawking, in summer and winter Journeys, and at his houses of abode, due for the year past ended at Midsomer last, 1628. By writ dated 21 October, 1625.

By order dated 2 October, 1628. To the right honorable Charles Lord Stanhope, postmaster-general, the sum of £50 for the laying of extraordinary postages for his Majesty's progress this summer, as hath been formerly usually accustomed. By writ of Privy Seal dated 8th of July, 1628.

By order dated 28 October, 1628. To John Dixon, Chirurgion General of his Majesty's Army, set forth to the Isle of Rhee the sum of £98 3s., in full satisfaction of all his demands for his charges and pains in embalming the body of Sir John Borough, Knight, colonel-general of his Majesty's said army, the same being due unto him for his said charges and pains, as appeareth by a bill under his hands. By writ of Privy Seal dated 28 May, 1628.

By order dated 24 December, 1628. To Philipp Burlamachi, of London, Merchant, the sum of £3,000 in respect for the satisfying of the interest due for the sum of £58,000 negotiated upon certain of his Majesty's jewels in the Low Countries, in the month of February, 1625, over and above the sum of £10,200, payable by former Privy Seal unto him for this purpose. By writ of Privy Seal dated 8 of July last, 1628, and confirmed by another writ dated 22nd of the same.

By order dated 5 January, 1629. To James Herriott, his Majesty's Jeweller, the sum of £350 for a Jewel set with rich diamonds, by him sold and delivered unto his Majesty, and presented at the Cristening of Sir Francis Cottington his child. By writ, under the Privy Seal, dated 21 April, 1629.

By order dated 6 May, 1629. To Thomas Caldwell, Esquire, his Majesty's Barbor, the sum of £48 2s. for certain fine linen by him bought and provided for barbing cloths, and other necessities for his Majesty's use and service, without account, &c. By writ of Privy Seal dated 20 November, 1627.

By order dated 19 May, 1629. To Andrew Melvill the sum of £100 as of his Majesty's free and princely gift, without account, &c., in consideration he hath by an unhappy accident lost one of his eyes, and thereby received much prejudice,

being utterly disabled to undertake such courses for his maintenance as otherwise he might have done. By writ of Privy Seal dated 6th April, 1629.

By order dated this 20 of May, 1629, unto the several persons following the sums following, vizt., for the charge of making a new Barge for his Majesty's dearest consort the Queen. To Richard Michell, his Majesty's Bargemaker, £61 8s. 6d.; to the Executor or Administrator of John Richardson, Joyner, £57 6s. 6d.; to John Boorman, Locksmith, £24 9s. 10d.; to Maximilian Colt, Carver, £9 8s.; and to William Hawkins, oar-maker, 8l., without account. By writ of Privy Seal dated 24 of January, 1627.

By order dated 8 July, 1629. To the Right Honorable the Earl of Mongomerie the sum of £62 5s. 10d. for the fees and wages of divers Keepers of St. James' Park, the garden and orchard there, and other charges incident for one whole year, ended at our Lady day last, 1629. By writ of Privy Seal dated the last day of January, 1625.

By order dated 10 July, 1629. To Sir Thomas Freak, Knight, one of the deputy Lieutenants of the County of Dorset, or to Endimion Porter, Esquire, the sum of £500 in full of £600 impest for defraying the charges of the number of 100 Spaniards that were cast on the Coast of Dorsetshire coming from Spain with the said Porter, from the first time of their landing to the time of their embarking. By writ of Privy Seal dated 23 March, 1629.

By order dated 14 July, 1629. To William Boswell, Esquire, lately employed to attend the right Honorable James Earl of Carlisle in his late Embassy for his Majesty's special affairs as well the sum of £368 upon his allowance of 40s. per day for his entertainment for the months of May, June, July, August, September, and October, 1628, containing 184 days, as also the sum of £250 for the transportation of himself, his servants, and his and their trunks of apparel and other necessities from hence to the Hague in Holland, and so by way of Nancy in Lorraine, Geneva and Turin in Piedmont, unto the City of Venice, and from thence back again to Westminster, appearing by his bill of demand subscribed and allowed by the Lord Viscount Dorchester, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. By writ of Privy Seal dated 26 March, 1628.

By order dated 20th July, 1629, by virtue of his Majesty's Letters of Privy Seal, dated 15 July, 1627, confirmed by his Majesty's letters Patent under the great Seal of England dated the 18th May last, 1629. That you deliver and pay of such his Majesty's treasure as remaineth in your charge unto William Alcock, Gentleman, Administrator of the late Duke of Buckingham, the sum of £2,000 in part of £28,656 16s. 0d., remains of the sum of £39,835 16s., in full satisfaction of so much by his Lordship disbursed for his Majesty's service, as namely for the charge of attending his Majesty in his journey into Spain when his Majesty was Prince of Wales, and sundry other great expences during his Majesty's being in that Court, £12,943 16s., and likewise for several jewels delivered unto his Majesty when he was in Spain, and given by his Majesty in rewards, which jewels were seen and valued by jewellers at the sum of £18,292, and also for furnishing the fleet, then lately set forth, the sum of £8,600, amounting in all to the sum aforesaid without account, &c., whereof paid and to be paid by a former order, £2,000.

By order dated 30 July, 1629. Unto Ann Tien, of London, Widow, the sum of £3,000 for one great Jewel, called a looking-glass, set in a fair frame of gold with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones, lately bought by his Majesty of her without account. By writ of Privy Seal dated 29 of the same month.

Varieties.

COLLIERY ACCIDENTS.—Canon Fleming, preaching at York Cathedral after the Seaham disaster, said: Much of England's greatness has been won by the courage of her sons. Last week we heard with pride of the resistless courage of our army in India, which achieved a decisive victory with comparatively small loss. We must not omit from the roll of heroism those brave fellows who won for us so many of our material comforts by the constant risk of their own lives. The Seaham Colliery loss vividly proved that to us. Many a battlefield numbers fewer dead than such an explosion, and he must have lost his humanity who can read or hear such tidings without a pang, or

who forgets the value which the Bible has stamped upon a single human life. "Standing in the pulpit of our Minister, from which words ought to be able to go forth into England, and remembering that next year the first association in the world for the advancement of science will come back to York, its birthplace, I ask, can nothing more be done by science to make man more precious than the gold which he wins for others to spend? Judging by results, we are compelled to admit that the present means employed to preserve human life, whether in our mines or on our railways, are entirely inadequate. On the latter point our gracious Queen has lately spoken, not a moment too soon, and in her own practical way has intimated that she expects deeds not words. Science, which is ever wringing some fresh secret out of nature for us, should add to her triumphs another chaplet. The noblest she can ever rear is the saving of human life. I ask you in this metropolis of the North, so far as lies in your power, not to allow this matter to slip, for I hold it to be one of the many functions of the pulpit to help to quicken the pulse of public opinion on any question that can affect the social as well as the spiritual welfare of our nation."

A touching message from the Seaham Colliery was found on a tin water-bottle capable of holding about a quart. It had been scratched evidently with a nail. It belonged to Michael Smith, and was found near his body. On one side of the bottle was:—"Dear Margaret—There was forty of us altogether at 7 a.m. Some was singing hymns, but my thoughts was upon my little Mick. I thought that him and I would meet in Heaven at the same time. Oh, dear wife, God save you and the children, and pray for myself. Look at the bottom."

On the bottom of the bottle was the following:—"Dear wife, farewell; my last thoughts about you and the children. Be sure and learn the children to pray for me."

Then on the other side was:—"Oh, what a terrafull position we are in.—MICHAEL SMITH, 54, Henry Street."

The little Michael he refers to was his child, whom he had left at home ill. The lad died on the day of the explosion. One of the exploring parties found an old ventilation door near to where the last lot of men were found, and on it was written in chalk:—"All alive at three o'clock. Lord have mercy upon us. Together praying for help at three o'clock.—ROBERT JOHNSON."

In another part of the pit a piece of plank, with the following written in chalk, was found:—"The Lord has been with us. We are all ready for heaven.—RICHARD COLE.—Half-past two o'clock."

DAVID THE CUDDY.—In the "Leisure Hour" of February (writes a correspondent) I find a story told of the late Dr. Henderson, of Galashiels, with whom I had the honour to be associated for four years as a colleague in the ministry. The woman for whose "cuddy" (donkey) the Doctor is said to have prayed had no sons and no husband. The following is the slender foundation of fact on which the story has been built. The Doctor, meeting one day with Margaret Cunningham, the woman referred to, inquired how she was. "I am weel mysel," said Margaret, "but David is verra ill." "David" was the "cuddy" with which she traversed the country as a hawker, and his illness was, financially, a serious matter for her. The Doctor bowed good-bye, and passed on. Next morning he said to his wife that he was going to see Margaret Cunningham's husband. "Margaret Cunningham," said his wife, "has no husband." "She told me," he replied, "that David was ill." "David," rejoined his wife with great mirth—"David is the cuddy;" and the good Doctor, who had a rare sense of humour, was no less tickled at his own mistake than she was. That is the whole story.—A. O.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.—I am old enough vividly to recollect what in 1829 was called the Radical War in Scotland, the Ludites, the Peterloo massacre, the drillings on Glasgow Green, the meetings on Kelsall Moor, and the unplugging of the cotton mill engines, the new poor-law mobs, the Chartists and Feargus, the Newport rising and the Bristol riots. At the bottom of all these mutterings of disaffection and revolution was bad trade, want of employment, starvation. I was present at deputations to Ministers at which employers were moved to tears as they described the miseries of their men and their own anxieties, some asking to be allowed to work in bond and deal only with their foreign customers. The cry of agricultural distress was periodical, "Swing" was abroad over the country. The doctrines of Malthus were regarded as so axiomatic that every child born was counted a burden to the State, and emigration was everywhere promoted as a relief to society. Every ninth Englishman was at least in receipt of relief from the union. To my venerable friend, Mr. John Benjamin Smith, is due the

glory of having laid the foundation of the popular agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and Wolverhampton is, I rejoice to see, at last doing tardy justice to the eminent services of Charles Pelham Villiers, who annually pressed the subject with all my friend's eloquence and force of reason on a reluctant House of Commons. They found our imports and exports in 1840 £172,132,716; they brought them up in 1875 to £655,551,900. Protection gave £8 10s. per head as the aggregate value of our foreign commerce; free trade raised it to £20 0s. 4d. per head. Wages have risen at least 30 per cent.; the demand for labour exceeds the supply; emigrants flock back from protected States, where no employment offers, to free trade at home; and butcher's meat has doubled in price under increased supplies, not from failing production, but from daily improving powers of purchase and consumption. In 1840 the import of cereals was 15,705,100 cwt. In 1875 it reached 108,972,645 cwt., or upwards of sevenfold. As food is eminently an article of which a man consumes no more than he can eat, the excess of importation under the free-trade dispensation is demonstrably the measure of the starvation indicated by the restricted imports of 1840. It is plain the people would have eaten seven times as much if protection would have let them. Does any sane man desire to go back from £374,000,000 of imports to £62,000,000, or from £223,465,000 of exports to £51,303,000? Who will venture to close our ports now on foreign cattle, or propose to reduce our cereal rations to one-seventh of their present compass? The questions answer themselves.—*Sidney Smith, Feltham.*

THE FIRST ENGLISH BOOK ON THE ART OF ANGLING.—To the series of reprints of old books published by Elliot Stock, an addition has been made which will be prized by bibliophiles and by lovers of "the gentle art." It is the "Treatyse of Fysshinge with an Angle," by Dame Juliana Berners, the first English book on fishing. The first edition was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496. Ten editions of the book had been issued in the year 1653, when the immortal work of Isaac Walton, "The Compleat Angler," first appeared, a facsimile of which is included in Mr. Stock's reprints. The old treatise of Dame Juliana Berners was well known to Isaac Walton, as is shown by the Rev. M. G. Watkins in his learned and interesting introduction to the present work. The antique type and appropriate binding help to make this venerable treatise acceptable to the lovers of old books, and the style and tone of the author will delight scholars as well as anglers.

WILLIAM HARVEY.—The facsimile which we recently gave (p. 714) of a fragment of the Harvey ms. in the British Museum, with Mr. Bond's deciphering and Dr. Sieveking's translation, was copied by permission from Dr. Willis's volume on Harvey's great discovery. (Kegan, Paul, & Co.)

HARRISON, THE CHRONOMETER-MAKER.—Close to the southwestern corner of the parish churchyard of Hampstead there has long stood a square tomb, with a scarcely decipherable inscription, to the memory of a man of science of the last century, whose name is connected with the history of practical navigation. The tomb, having stood there for more than a century, had become somewhat dilapidated, and has lately undergone a careful restoration at the cost and under the supervision of the Company of Clockmakers, and the fact is recorded in large characters on the upper face. The tops of the upright iron railings which surround the tomb have been gilt, and the restored inscription runs as follows:—"In memory of Mr. John Harrison, late of Red Lion Square, London, inventor of the time-keeper for ascertaining the longitude at sea. He was born at Foulby, in the county of York, and was the son of a builder of that place, who brought him up to the same profession. Before he attained the age of twenty-one he, without any instruction, employed himself in cleaning and repairing clocks and watches, and made a few of the former, chiefly of wood. At the age of twenty-five he employed his whole time in chronometrical improvements. He was the inventor of the gridiron-pendulum, and the method of preventing the effects of heat and cold upon time-keepers by two bars fixed together; he introduced the secondary spring to keep them going while winding up, and was the inventor of most (or all) the improvements in clocks and watches during his time. In the year 1735 his first time-keeper was sent to Lisbon, and in 1764 his then much improved fourth time-keeper having been sent to Barbadoes, the Commissioners of Longitude certified that he had determined the longitude within one-third of half a degree of a great circle, having not erred more than 40 seconds in time. After 60 years' close application to the above pursuits, he departed this life on the 24th day of March, 1776, aged 83."